

# JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Inflammation, Cough, Whooping Cough.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

## PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

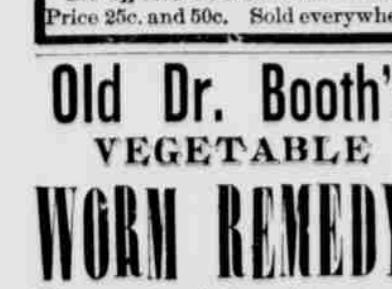
Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Price 25c. Send for a valuable Catalogue and Price List. "Parson's Pill" is in practice I use more than a dozen. DeWitt, Iowa. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Valuable information FREE. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is the best ever invented. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Does one teaspoonful to each pint of feed. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA,

## DOWNS' ELIXIR

For Colds, Bronchitis, Coughs, Croup, Lung Fever, Asthma, Pleurisy, Whooping Cough Catarrh, CONSUMPTION, and all Throat, Chest and Lung diseases. It will cure when all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere  
HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.



A pleasant, safe, reliable, and prompt remedy for the removal of stomach and seat or pin-worm from child or adult. It is easy to take; never fails absolutely harmless and requires no after-physic. Price 25 cents; at Hanaford

## Home Department.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations.  
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-light,  
Descending the broad hall-stair,  
Grave Alice and laughing Allegro  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall;  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret  
Over the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses;  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti!  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeons  
In the Round Tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,—  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

### AN AWKWARD MOMENT.

"You must have been in some pretty tight places at different times, Roger. We know what you got the cross for, but I suppose that the chances were often very nearly as heavy against you."

The man who made this remark was seated opposite his friend before the cheerful fire in the smoking-room of a London military club. Both had the bronzed faces and prematurely grizzled hair which betoken long sojourns under almost tropical skies. The one who had been addressed as "Roger" was slightly the elder, and upon his broad chest bore the tiny scrap of ribbon that indicated that the wearer had won that most prized of English decorations, the Victoria Cross.

He did not reply for a minute or two to his companion's words. Apparently they had called up many reminiscences, few of which were agreeable, but at last a smile lighted up his features, and he said:

"Yes, old boy: I've often thought my life wasn't going to last a second longer; but the most awkward moment I ever put in wasn't in the field."

"No? Then I presume it was when you were besieged in the Residency during the Mutiny?"

"It wasn't in action at all. It was on board ship."

"Wreck?"

"No, that is to say, the ship wasn't wrecked, but I thought I was."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, I don't mind. It's twenty years ago, and the telling can't hurt any one now. Still, you will understand that the names I shall give you are not the true ones, and you must promise not to try to find out what those were."

"All right. I'll be content with the story."

"Here goes, then," said Roger, settling himself back in his chair. "It occurred just after we'd finished up the last of those black devils. I had pretty nearly got over the wounds I received in the affair for which the Queen gave me the cross, and I reported myself as fit for duty. The colonel, however, bless his old heart! wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on my taking a year's leave. There was no canal in those days, and the pleasantest way of going home then—and I don't know that it isn't now—was by one of the fine clipper ships round the Cape. I was fortunate enough to get a cabin to myself on board the Winchester, of Green's line. The purser, Watson, I had met at some mess dinners in Calcutta, and he promised to make things as pleasant as possible. We had very few passengers, mostly invalided officers, two or three civilians, and four ladies. I saw three of the ladies on deck when we sailed, and none of them impressed me as being specially charming. The captain, whose name was, we'll say, John Smith, looked like one of the regular navy. He wore a uniform and sword, and was very severe of aspect and stiff in bearing. I found out afterward that he was a regular martinet, and the half-dozen midshipmen and the minor officers stood in considerable awe of him. On my being introduced, he favored me with a formal grasp of the hand, and jerked out a few words about having heard of me before.

"We did not begin to drop down the river till the day was fairly advanced, and I had scarcely got my traps in order when it was time to dress for dinner. In those days the captain would have been insulted if his passengers did not turn out in full evening togs. We soldiers were seated at table in accordance with our rank, and as I had only just got my company, I was pretty well down toward the foot, or purser's end. This I did not at first feel inclined to regret, as the prospect appeared that we should be a little more free and easy than were the togies up at the top. But when I had got fairly settled into my place, I looked toward the captain, and immediately began to deplore my insignificance. Seated on his right was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her eyes were—well, it's no use my giving you an auctioneer's

catalogue of her charms. You just picture your ideal, and she would come very near it. All I knew was that I was completely knocked over. I am sure my neighbors must have thought I was either surly or stupid, for I never addressed them, and I was scarcely conscious what replies I made to their remarks. All my attention was given to a silent watching of my new divinity, and I frantically envied the captain and a bluff old colonel who were privileged to sit beside her.

"As soon as dinner was over I got hold of my friend Watson, and inquired the name of the young lady.

"She's a Miss Latimer," he said; "came out with us this voyage, I suppose only for her health, since she's going right back. Understand she's an orphan, and got some money. Dresses well, at least. Shall I introduce you?"

"Of course I jumped at the offer, and very soon the magic words were spoken which privileged me to speak to my idol. You see even now I get enthusiastic and romantic in my language when I talk about her, so you can imagine the condition of hopeless 'smite' in which I was then. Well, she proved to be just as charming as she looked, and before I turned in for the night I was deeply, desperately in love."

"I don't suppose there is any place in the world so favorable for love-making as a comfortable passenger ship. Not one of these new 'ocean greyhounds' that rush at break-neck speed through all kinds of weather, and land you at your destination almost before you have time to know any one aboard, but a fine clipper vessel, whose only propelling power is nature's breath, and to the passengers on which every change of weather or shift of wind is of vast import and interest. These afford endless themes for talk, and mutual interest seems to draw people closer together. Miss Latimer had quite an affection for the Winchester which had brought her safely from England, and was then bearing her back. She and the captain appeared to be on excellent terms, and she was often invited to walk on the captain's own side of the quarter-deck—a pathway which we were supposed not to venture to tread without a special summons."

"There was something about Miss Latimer—Rose was her name—which was irresistibly attractive to me. I do not know exactly how to describe it, except as a curious compound of girlish innocence and womanly frankness. One would never dream of flirting with her and I fancy few people would have ventured on any direct love-making without a speedy accompaniment of a humble treaty for her hand. She was awfully kind to me; used always to be afraid that I'd overexert myself, and was constantly making me tell her stories of my experiences. I am afraid that sometimes I a little overlaid the Othello business, but she never seemed to mind.

"Day after day slipped away in an ecstasy of happiness tempered with occasional qualms of doubt. I hesitated to put my fate to the test, for if by any chance she should refuse me—and despite my belief that my affection was returned, such an event was barely possible—it would be very unpleasant to meet her every day for at least two months. Again, if she accepted me, I should be so anxious to be married that I couldn't bear to think of waiting till we got to England. There is no need for me to say that I was very young; you can see that from my state of mind. Well, finally I made a confidant of Watson. He cut the Gordian knot at once. 'Ask the lady,' he said, 'and if she consents, get the captain to marry you as soon as she's agreeable.'

"But is that legal?" I inquired.

"Perfectly. It will be duly entered in the ship's log just the same as a birth."

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"He gave me plenty of time to think before he made any verbal comment on my announcement. 'His first words were, "Pray, sir, have you spoken to the lady on the subject of your hopes?"'

"Not yet, captain."

"Has she given you any encouragement to think that the love you say you feel is returned by her?"

"No, captain; but she has been very kind to me, and has talked to me a great deal, and seemed to like to have me talk to her."

"And on these faint grounds you base your hopes?"

"I didn't at all like the tone in which he made that remark, and I was about to reply a little haughtily. I suppose he saw the expression on my face, and he stopped me from speaking by holding up his hand.

"Don't say any more, Captain Hamilton. I ought to have stopped you before. I couldn't possibly marry you to the lady."

"Why not, Captain Smith?" I asked rather warmly.

"Because, sir, I couldn't very well marry you to my own wife."

"What?" I almost shrieked.

"My wife," he answered firmly. "I am sorry you should be placed in so unpleasant a position. It is partly my fault, but much more that of your own youth and rashness. You are an officer and a gentleman, and will respect the secret I am obliged to confide to you?"

"I felt so utterly crushed that I was scarcely sensible of where I was. Certainly I did not fully understand all he was saying, but I managed to retain sense enough to bow my head in sign of assent.

"I was married," said the captain, "when I was last home, to Miss Latimer, who was left an orphan under unusually sad circumstances and surroundings. She dreaded to be left in England alone. The owners of this line do not allow their captains to have their wives with them even as passengers. We therefore decided to keep our marriage secret, and my wife booked as a passenger under her maiden name. Not a soul on board except yourself knows the truth. I trust to you to keep it sacred, for I don't want to retire yet for a voyage or two."

"I am sure I don't know how I got from his cabin to my own, but once in the latter, I bolted the door, and never came out till the next morning. I can't tell if the captain ever confided to his wife what took place in his cabin, but I sometimes fancied I could see in her face, when her eyes fell on me, an expression of mingled pity and amusement that I never noticed there before. One thing I was sure of, however, and that was that when I became more familiar with her I did not think her quite so pretty as I did at first."

"When the Winchester touched at St. Helena I arranged with Captain Smith that I should go ashore there and wait for the next vessel of Green's line. We made ill health and the need of land air the excuse.

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"At last Inlac began thus: 'I do not wonder that your reputation is so far extended: we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the choice of life.'

"To him that lives well," answered the hermit, "every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice than to remove from all apparent evil."

"He will remove most certainly from evil," said the prince, "who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example."

"I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude," said the hermit, "but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military ranks. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferences of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigor was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern, and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want."

"For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into the harbor, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasures of novelty went away, I employed my hours in examining the plants which grew in the valley and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But inquiry is now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distract ed; my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt, and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice, but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment than led by devotion into solitude. My fancy roams in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return into the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout."

"They heard his resolution with surprise, but after a short pause offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture."

"I once thought to enter the portals, which only open to the immortals,"

"Sighed Matilda de Brown."

"But CELERY COMPOUND Detains me here still with the mortals."

## MAKE HENS LAY

Chick Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail, 25c in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price \$1.00; by mail, \$1.20. Circulars free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

## Central Vt. Railroad.

"EASTERN" STANDARD TIME.

COMMENCING DECEMBER 6, 1885

Trains will leave Middlebury as follows:

GOING NORTH & WEST.  
3:36 a m NIGHT EXPRESS, from New York for Montreal, Ogdensburg, and the West. Sleeping car to Montreal daily except Mondays.

LOCAL EXPRESS—for Burlington:

EXPRESS MAIL, from New York for Montreal, Ogdensburg, and the West.